

COWBOY WESTERN
presenting WILD BILL DICKOK

COWBOY WESTERN

presenting

No. 61

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

Wild Bill Dickok and JINGLES

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ALL NEW
OFFICIAL
TV
SHOW





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

My Pal!

Win
\$100

as I
just
did!

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



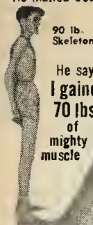
JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon



90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show YOU NOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name on It)

Stop being a **SKINNY** Weakling like I was
IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID
GAIN 25 lbs. of **HANDSOME**
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!
IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%
WIN NEW STRENGTH

WIN NEW POPULARITY

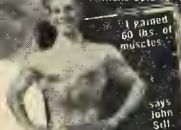
for money-making work!
for **WINNING** at all **SPORTS**!

Win NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** **PICTURE-PACKED**
HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get **FREE**

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1



How to MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles.

says
John
Still

GET
ALL 5
FREE

1

How to MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

I added
7 inches to
my
CHEST
3 inches to
each
ARM -
says
Jodie
Jackson

2

How to MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

3

How to MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

4

How to MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

5

How to MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

How to MOLD A
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How to MOLD A
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How to MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

How to MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT



"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
adores
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"



You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a **WINNER**
in ALL **SPORTS** NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like YOU?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon YOU'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckus



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

Dept. CH 67

JOWETT INSTITUTE
220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George Please mail to me FREE Jowett Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 40¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (100 C.O.D.'s)

Jowett Courses
written on
World-far
Building
all-around
HE-MEN!
F. Kelley
Principal
Director

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Mail Coupon in Time for **FREE** offer and **PRIZES!**

COWBOY WESTERN

Volume 1, Number 61

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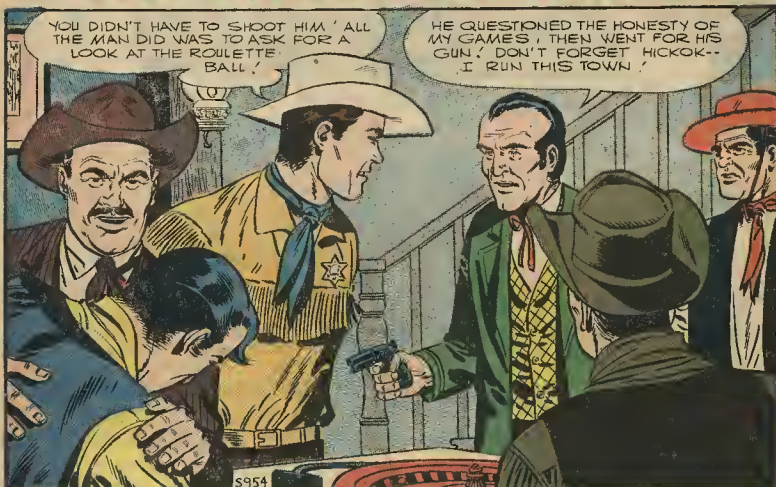
COWBOY WESTERN



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Alfred P. Sligo Executive Editor

Wild Bill Hickok AND UNCLE in THE CROOKED WHEEL

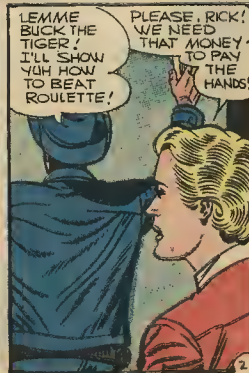
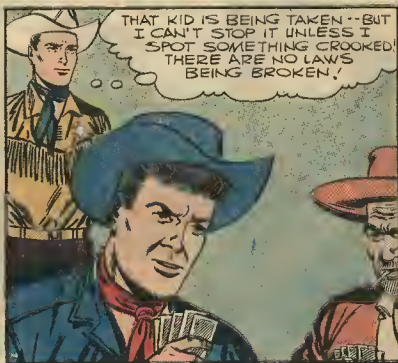


IT WAS ANOTHER CATTLE TOWN -- ANOTHER MAIN STREET , BUT BEHIND IT ALL WAS THE MONEY AND POWER OF THE MEN WHO RAN THE LEGALIZED GAMBLING HOUSES , THE MEN WHO PAID MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK'S SALARY -- AND THEY WANTED TO KEEP IT THE WAY IT WAS...

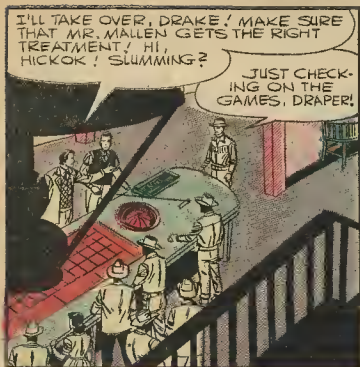
MOUNTING PUBLIC ANGER FORCED THE GAMBLING SYNDICATE WHICH RAN THE TOWN TO HIRE A TOP LAWMAN ! THEY COULD WELL AFFORD THE BEST ... AND THE BEST WAS WILD BILL HICKOK...



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



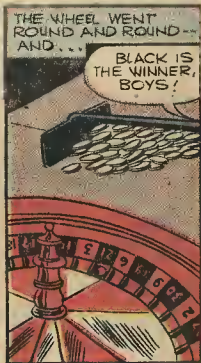
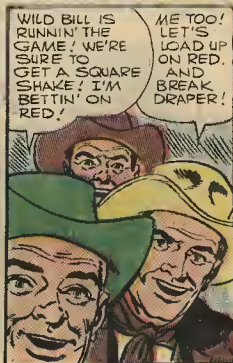
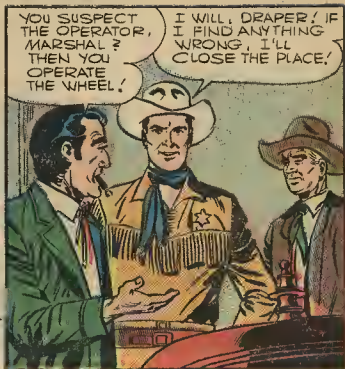
IN ROULETTE THE HOUSE HAS A SMALL PERCENTAGE IN ITS FAVOR... BUT THE KID'S MONEY DISAPPEARED FASTER THAN ANY PERCENTAGE COULD EVER TAKE...



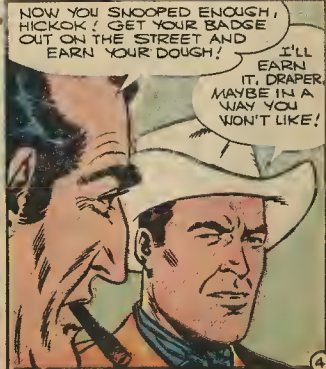
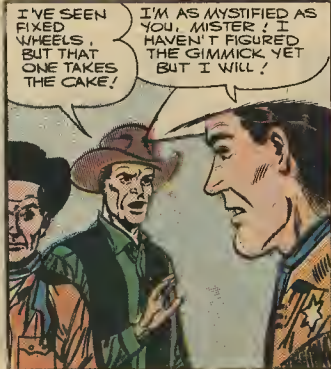
COWBOY WESTERN



THE FAMOUS MARSHAL DRIFTED IN CASUALLY AFTER THAT NIGHT... BUT HE KEPT HIS EYES ON THE DEALERS AND THE ROULETTE WHEEL OPERATOR...



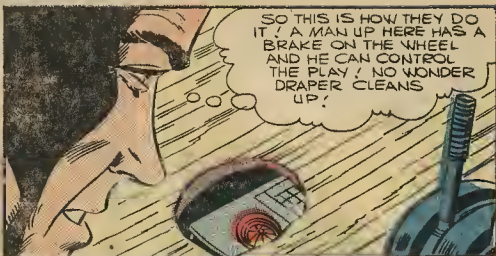
WILD BILL STAYED AT THE WHEEL FOR AN HOUR, AND STILL THE HOUSE WON WITH MONOTONOUS REGULARITY! THERE WAS A BIG PLAY BECAUSE THE PLAYERS TRUSTED THE MARSHAL...



COWBOY WESTERN

EVERY GAME IN TOWN WAS CROOKED -- AND MARSHAL HICKOK HAD TO PROVE IT! WHEN THE CASINO WAS CLOSED...

I DIDN'T THINK THE BUILDING HAD AN ATTIC -- BUT THIS LADDER MUST GO SOMEWHERE!



HICKOK PUT IN A BUSY DAY! HE SAW THE BOY WHO'D LOST HIS BANKROLL, THEN MADE A SECOND STOP...

JUST GO IN AND PLAY THE ROULETTE WHEEL! YOU CAN PAY ME BACK LATER!

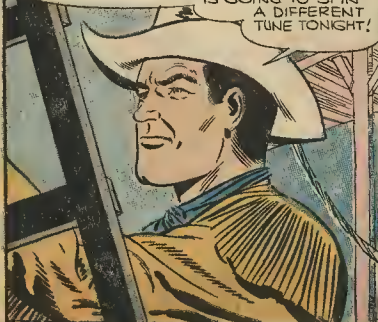
BLESS YOU, MARSHAL! I'M OFF GAMBLING, BUT I'LL DO AS YOU SAY!

YOU STILL HAUNTING MY PLACE, MARSHAL? WHAT'S YOUR PLAY?

LET'S SAY I JUST CAME IN TO GET WARM! DON'T CROWD ME, DRAPER!



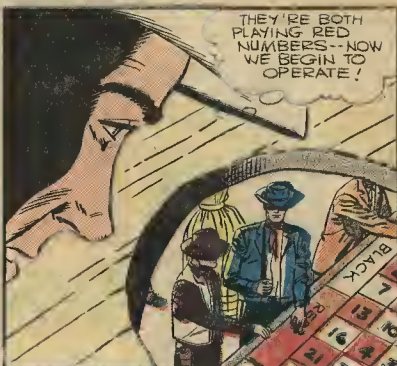
IF I CAN MAKE IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN, I'LL SUCCEED! THE ROULETTE WHEEL IS GOING TO SPIN A DIFFERENT TUNE TONIGHT!



COWBOY WESTERN



WHAT A SWEET
SET-UP! ALL THEY
HAD TO DO WAS
WATCH THE
HEAVY
PLAYERS AND MAKE
SURE THEY
LOST!
BUT NOW
WE HAVE
NEW
RULES!



THEY'RE BOTH
PLAYING RED
NUMBERS--NOW
WE BEGIN TO
OPERATE!



RED WINS! THE HOUSE
PAYS! MAKE YOUR
BETS, GENTLE-
MEN!

YOUNG
MALLEN
AND
THE
MAN
WHO
HICKOK
HAD
STAKED
CONTINUED
TO
WIN!
BEFORE
DRAPER
LEARNED
OF IT,
IT
WAS
TOO
LATE...



I'M QUITTING!
I'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
I LOST IN
THIS CROOKED
GAME!

CASH THESE
CHIPS, TOO!
I'VE GAMBLERD
MY LAST
DOLLAR!



WHAT HAPPENED?
HOW COULD THEY
WIN?

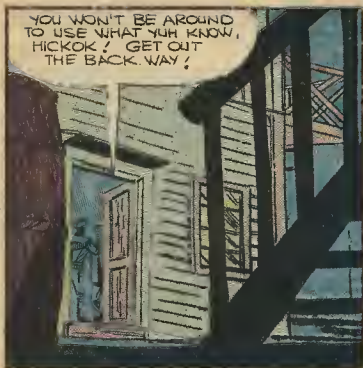
I DUNNO, CHIEF!
THEY BET BIG AND
WON EVERY TIME!
MAYBE THE BRAKE
MAN UPSTAIRS
SOLD YUH OUT!



HICKOK!
SO
YUH
BUTT
IN
AGAIN?
THIS
TOWN
IS GOIN'
TO NEED
A NEW
MARSHAL!

AND NEW
GAMBLING
LAWS,
DRAPER!

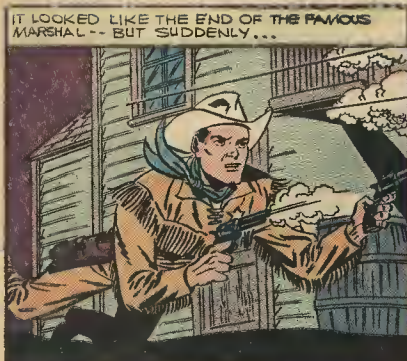
COWBOY WESTERN



YOU WON'T BE AROUND
TO USE WHAT YUH KNOW,
HICKOK! GET OUT
THE BACK WAY!



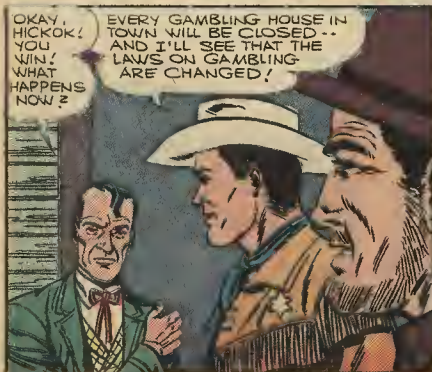
I KNOW YOU'RE FAST,
BUT YOU CAN'T BEAT
US THIS TIME! GET
'IM, BOYS!



IT LOOKED LIKE THE END OF THE FAMOUS
MARSHAL -- BUT SUDDENLY...

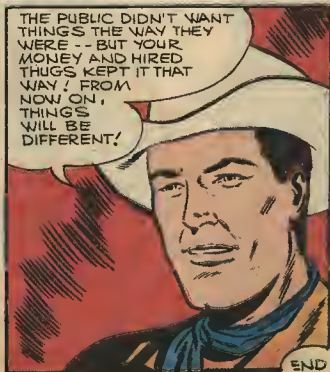


WE'RE WITH YUH, MARSHAL!
WE THOUGHT YEH'D TRY
THIS!



OKAY,
HICKOK!
YOU
WIN!
WHAT
HAPPENS
NOW?

EVERY GAMBLING HOUSE IN
TOWN WILL BE CLOSED --
AND I'LL SEE THAT THE
LAWS ON GAMBLING
ARE CHANGED!



THE PUBLIC DIDN'T WANT
THINGS THE WAY THEY
WERE -- BUT YOUR
MONEY AND HIRED
THUGS KEPT IT THAT
WAY! FROM
NOW ON,
THINGS
WILL BE
DIFFERENT!

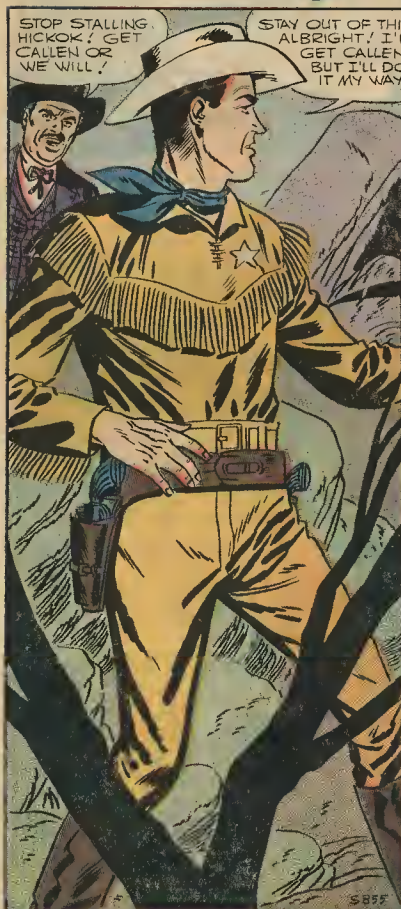
END

COWBOY WESTERN

Wild Bill Hickok and the Uinges

in TAINTED REWARD

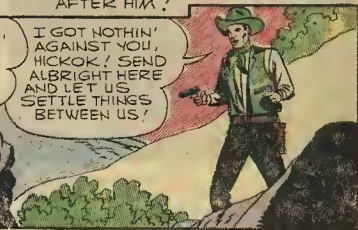
THEY HAD TOUGH TONY CALLEN TAGGED AS A KILLER... A QUICK TEMPERED, QUICK-ON-THE-TRIGGER GUNMAN WHO BLASTED ANYONE WHO GOT IN HIS WAY! IT ONLY REMAINED FOR J. P. ALBRIGHT AND THE POWERFUL CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE TO PUT A REWARD ON HIS HEAD... AND FOR MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK TO GO AFTER HIM!



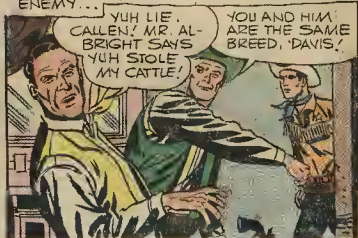
STOP STALLING HICKOK! GET CALLEN OR WE WILL!

STAY OUT OF THIS, ALBRIGHT! I'LL GET CALLEN BUT I'LL DO IT MY WAY!

I GOT NOTHIN' AGAINST YOU, HICKOK! SEND ALBRIGHT HERE AND LET US SETTLE THINGS BETWEEN US!



TONY CALLEN, THE OWNER OF A SMALL RANCH ON BLACK RIVER, WORKED HARD! HE WAS A GOOD FRIEND AND A BAD ENEMY...



YUH LIE, CALLEN! MR. ALBRIGHT SAYS YUH STOLE MY CATTLE!

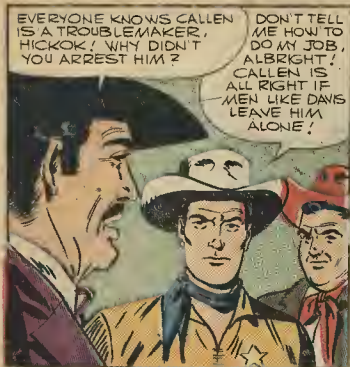
YOU AND HIM ARE THE SAME BREED, 'DAVIS'!



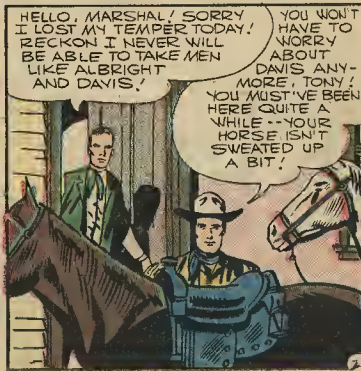
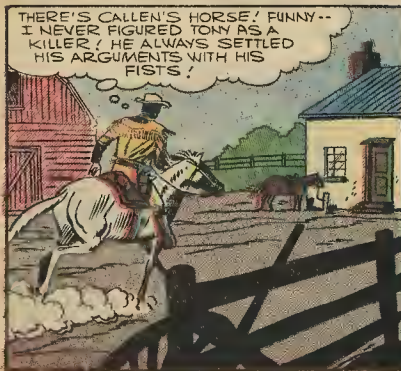
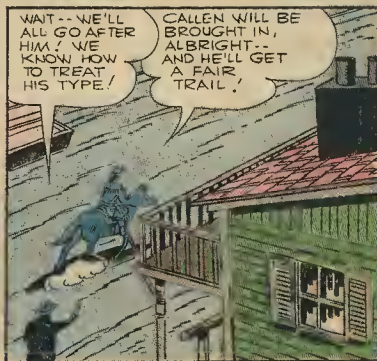
YOU SAW THAT, HICKOK! ARREST CALLEN!

TONY CALLEN DIDN'T START IT, ALBRIGHT! GO ON, TONY-- DUST FOR HOME! THERE'LL BE TROUBLE IF YOU DON'T!

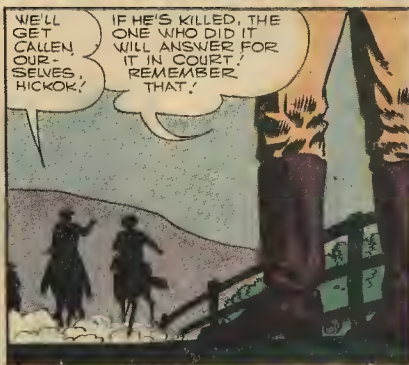
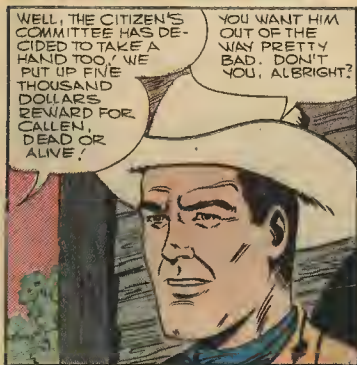
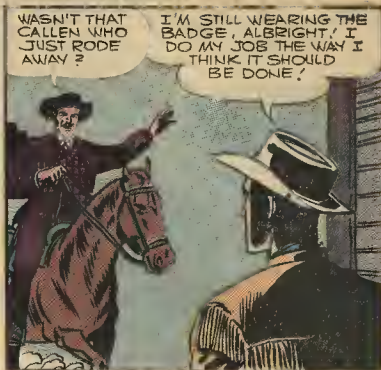
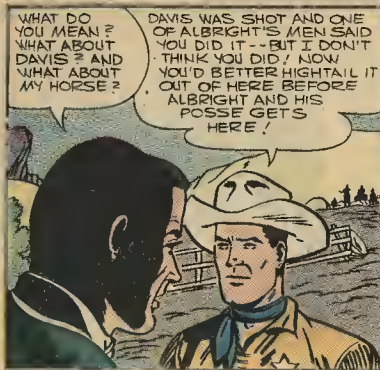
COWBOY WESTERN



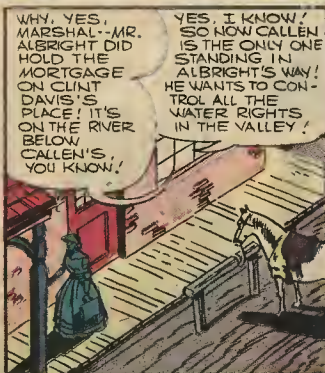
TWENTY MINUTES LATER, THERE'D BEEN ONE OMINOUS GUN - SHOT, AND WILL BILL RAN FROM HIS OFFICE TO THE STREET...



COWBOY WESTERN



WILD BILL WAS A BUSY MAN WHEN HE GOT BACK TO TOWN! FIRST HE SAW THE CORONER, THEN HE VISITED THE LOCAL BANK...



COWBOY WESTERN



YOU WARNED CALLEN!
I OUGHT
TO...

YOU OUGHT TO
KEEP YOUR
HANDS TO
YOURSELF...



I'VE HAD
ENOUGH...
UGH!

SO HAVE
I!



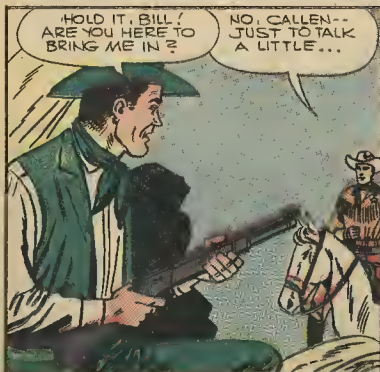
YOU'RE
THROUGH
IN THIS
TOWN,
HICKOK!

YOU TALK BIG,
ALBRIGHT!
LET'S SEE
YOU BACK IT
UP!

J. P. AL-
BRIGHT HAD
A LOT OF
INFLUENCE,
WILD BILL
KNEW...
ENOUGH TO
TURN THE
TOWN
AGAINST
HIM IF THE
DAVIS KILL-
ING WASN'T
SOLVED...

I DON'T GET IT, WILD
BILL! WHY NOT ARREST
TONY AND LET HIM
STAND TRAIL?

HE WOULDN'T GET A FAIR TRAIL, JINGLES!
ALBRIGHT'S MEN ARE READY TO SWEAR
- HIM RIGHT INTO THE
HANGMAN'S NOOSE!



HOLD IT, BILL!
ARE YOU HERE TO
BRING ME IN?

NO, CALLEN--
JUST TO TALK
A LITTLE...



I SEE YOU'RE PACKING
A COLT .45! LET ME
LOOK AT IT--DAVIS
WAS SHOT WITH
A .44!

I DON'T OWN
ONE! I'VE
CARRIED THIS
FOR YEARS!

COWBOY WESTERN

ALBRIGHT'S TRYING TO
FRAME YOU FOR DAVIS'
MURDER, TONY!

WE'VE BEEN
FOLLOWED,
BILL!



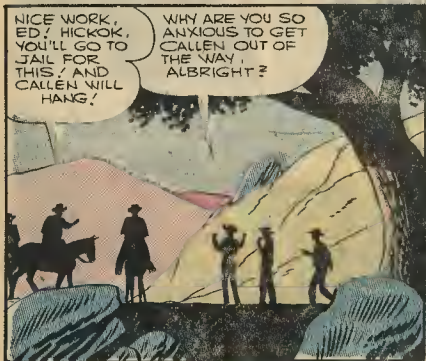
I'LL KEEP IN
TOUCH WITH
YOU, BILL!
WHA...

YEAH--YOU'LL HAVE
COZY CELLS NEXT
TO EACH OTHER!



NICE WORK,
ED! HICKOK,
YOU'LL GO TO
JAIL FOR
THIS, AND
CALLEN WILL
HANG!

WHY ARE YOU SO
ANXIOUS TO GET
CALLEN OUT OF
THE WAY,
ALBRIGHT?



THESE MEN WORK FOR ME,
HICKOK-- SO I CAN TALK!
I NEED CALLEN'S WATER
RIGHTS TO RULE
THIS VALLEY!
NOW I'LL
GET THEM!



ALL RIGHT, LET'S
FINISH IT!

HOLD IT, MISTER!
I'M STILL THE
MARSHAL!



THAT'S ENOUGH, HERO!
TRY THAT AGAIN AND
YOU'RE THROUGH!

PUT AWAY THE
ROPE-- I JUST
HAD AN IDEA!
WE'LL USE GUNS,
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE
THE TWO OF THEM
SHOT IT OUT AND
BOTH LOST!



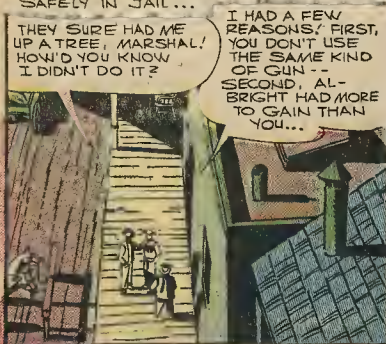
COWBOY WESTERN



MARSHAL HICKOK AND HIS DEPUTY QUICKLY ROUNDED UP ALBRIGHT'S HIRED GUN-SLINGERS! AND THEY WERE ALL EAGER TO TALK ...



LATER, AFTER ALBRIGHT AND HIS MEN WERE SAFELY IN JAIL ...



END



HARD BARGAIN



THE BEAUTIFUL FURS lay on the rough-hewn table in the trader's cabin. Marten and fox they were, and otter and muskrat. It had taken Gray Hawk and his friend Swift Deer many moons to trap them! They were worth much.

But the big white man, Trader Hansen, rubbed his grizzled jaw and looked at them doubtfully.

"They're in bad shape," he said. "I don't know whether I even want them."

The son of the Otapi chief did not change his expression, but his voice was hot! "They were trapped during the moons of the long night! The pelts are thick and rich. They are worth much!" Beside him, Swift Deer nodded his bronze head in agreement. Both boys waited.

The trader's grimy hands explored the furs again.

He looked up, tiny eyes cunning.

"Well," he said, "you've come a long way. I'll take them off your hands for a favor. What do you want for them?" He pointed at the wall of the cabin. There were bolts of colorful cloth, heavy metal traps, gleaming knives, strung beads of many hues, and sleek, Springfield rifles. All were part of his trading stock.

Gray Hawk and his friend had spoken of this before they made the long trek to the trader's cabin on the bank of the Po-Wa-No. They knew what they wanted. Gray Hawk pointed at the rifles. "We each want one of those for hunting! And we want knives that gleam. And for our mothers . . . red cloth!"

Trader Hansen grinned, but there was no amusement in his eyes. Stubby fingers explored his wrinkled jaw.

"You don't want much, do you? Tell you what! I'll give you the cloth and the knives. But only one of the Springfields. That's all your furs are worth!"

The Indian boys shook their heads stubbornly. They knew the value of their pelts. "No," said Gray Hawk. "Two rifles—and ammunition—or we do not trade with you!" They waited. The hulking white man began to curse angrily. Then, suddenly, he stopped. A strange expression flickered through his eyes.

"All right, boys," he said. "Two rifles it is—and ammunition!"

Slowly, he rolled out bolts of cloth and knives. Then he took two rifles down from the wall racks, and showed the Otapi youths how the action worked. He gave them canisters of ammunition. Then he smiled again, and reached up on a wall shelf for a bottle that waited there, half empty.

"You drive a hard bargain," he said, "but now that it's done, let's drink on it!"

He tipped the bottle back, craning his neck, and drank long and hard.

Then, eyes gleaming, he offered the whiskey to Gray Hawk.

But the Indian boy shook his head. His father had warned him of the effects of fire water—how it could make a man lose his senses and do strange things. Gray Hawk and Swift Deer had each vowed to themselves that they would not touch the poison.

"No," said Gray Hawk. "But a bargain is a bargain. It is well."

Gracefully, he and Swift Deer shifted the packs onto their slender young backs. Then, making the Otapi sign for farewell, they went out through the open door of the cabin. Trader Hansen stood, tall in the doorway, watching them disappear through the forest. A light rain was falling. It would make the ground soft—soft enough to take footprints that would be easy to trail! The husky trader turned to the fireplace. There stood his rifle. He lifted it up and loaded it, listening to the bolt snick into place . . .

THROUGH THE FOREST, Gray Hawk and Swift Deer paced.

Three days it had taken them to arrive at the banks of the Po-Wa-No from their village, loaded down by their heavy packs of fur. It should take them less time to return. When darkness began to shroud the forest corridors, Gray Hawk raised his hand. Ahead, between the sprawling roots of a great oak tree, was a dry, sheltered spot.

"Here we will make camp!"

Building a small campfire against the huge tree, the boys munched a supper of pemmican.

Then suddenly Gray Hawk's sinewy hand reached out and gripped his friend's arm. "Do you hear that?" he whispered "A crackling—as of twigs in the forest!" Both boys listened for a moment. Then the son of the chief caught Swift Deer's shoulders and pulled him violently down toward the ground.

At the same moment a rifle cracked from the forest—and a high-powered bullet whined through the air over the heads of the Indian boys!

"We are attacked," husked Gray Hawk. "Quick! Our rifles . . ."

BEHIND the cover of the oak root, they clutched the rifles they had gotten from the trader. Rapidly, Gray Hawk drew cartridges from the canister the trader had given them. He tried to load the guns—but the shells jammed. They would not enter the chamber. They were not the right caliber! They were too large!

"Too large . . ." muttered Swift Deer. "Trader Hansen gave us bullets that would not fit."

Gray Hawk slammed an angry hand against the moist turf.

"It was his purpose," he gritted, "so we could not protect ourselves. And he has come upon us now with *his* rifle to slay us and take back the goods he gave us. *This* is the trader's bargain!" For a moment the boys lay still. The night had a thousand sounds. A thousand enemies lurked in its shadows.

"Then we are trapped," whispered Swift Deer, "How can we combat his rifle . . . with our hands?"

"With our cunning!" returned Gray Hawk. "Swift Deer, do you have your braided lariat?"

The other boy nodded and unwound the strong leather lariat from his waist. Gray Hawk took it and gripped his friend's shoulder. "I am going into the forest," he husked. "If I do not return within the rising of the moon, save yourself. Creep into the forest yourself, and flee!"

Stealthily, scarcely moving an inch at a time, Gray Hawk wriggled out past the oak root. There was no shot. Blending into the night, he moved forward, silent as a creature of the wild. Soon he could not be seen at all.

Swift Deer waited, hand on the cool blade of his knife.

A light, misty rain was still falling, cutting thin slants across the firelight. Moments passed. An owl hooted. There was a scurrying in the nearby bushes. Then nothing. Still Swift Deer lay still, waiting. Then, when it seemed that he must surely go, a dark figure suddenly loomed up beside him. It was Gray Hawk again!

"What happened?" Swift Deer asked eagerly.

Gray Hawk chuckled. "Nothing—yet!" he said. "But I found where Trader Hansen was waiting, and the trail he must follow to come upon us. I left him a little surprise!"

Now they lay completely still. The ruthless trader was all-confident. His ruse had worked. The boys had guns that were of no use to them. How could they protect themselves against his rifle? He crept slowly toward their hiding place.

Bang!

There was a rifle shot in the night, and a wild, cry of surprise.

"That is it!" exclaimed Gray Hawk. He clutched his knife. "Quick! Follow me!"

Together the two boys ran through the forest. As they passed between two sturdy beech trees, Swift Deer gasped in surprise.

For there— from a still-quivering tree— was Trader Hansen. His ankle was securely caught by the leather lariat, fashioned into a cunning noose! Gray Hawk's trap had worked! The trader's rifle lay upon the ground where it had fallen and gone off!

Gray Hawk stepped slowly up to the trader, and crouched beside him.

"You gave us cartridges that would not fit—and then followed us—to rob and kill us!" he said. "Is that right?"

The trader gasped, his face purple. "Not to kill you," he said. "I—I just wanted to get back the rifles! Cut me down!"

Gray Hawk felt through the trader's pockets. He took all his ammunition from him. The bullets fitted into the Indian boys' Springfield rifles. Thoroughly, he searched Hansen, to make sure he had no bullets left—even in his gun. Then the son of the chief stepped back.

"You are a bad man, Hansen," he said. "White or red, we have learned, a man can be bad or good . . . and you are bad. But we will not kill you. Instead, we will leave you here, without bullets. You will not follow us!"

. . . and never again will you try to cheat an Indian youth!"

THE END



Wild Bill Hickok

AND

Jingles

in **ALIAS**, the **MAYOR**

MAYOR PAUL BROPHY TRIED TO RUN A 'CLEAN TOWN--WITH MARSHAL WILD BILL HICKOK, HE KEPT CRIME DOWN AND GAVE THE CITIZENS AN HONEST ADMINISTRATION! BUT THEN THE FAMOUS MARSHAL NOTICED A GRADUAL CHANGE IN THE MAYOR--A CHANGE WILD BILL DIDN'T LIKE...



S857

BEFORE SLIP HARRIS AND HIS HENCHMEN CAME TO TOWN, WILD BILL HICKOK HAD THE HIGHEST RESPECT FOR MAYOR BROPHY...



NICE GOING, MAYOR! DEKKER IS A TROUBLE MAKER!

WHEN I WAS ELECTED, I SWORE I'D RUN A CLEAN TOWN-- AND I INTEND TO!



COWBOY WESTERN

AND THEN THE HARRIS' GANG HIT TOWN... WILD BILL INTRODUCED HIMSELF THE SAME DAY THEY ARRIVED...



I'M MARSHAL HICKOK! YOU MEN LOOKING FOR WORK AROUND HERE?

IF WE ARE, WE WON'T NEED YOUR HELP! I THOUGHT I'D STOP BY AND SEE MY OLD PAL, MAYOR BROPHY!



HEY, PAUL - DON'T YOU REMEMBER OLD FRIENDS? FROM DOWN TULSA WAY?

HARRIS? WHAT ARE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?



THIS MAN BOTHERING YOU MAYOR? HE LOOKS LIKE A HARD CASE!

NO - NO! HE'S AN OLD FRIEND! LET'S GO TO MY OFFICE AND TALK, HARRIS!

THE CHANGE IN MAYOR BROPHY STARTED THEN! MARSHAL HICKOK KNEW THE GANG WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAW, BUT HE WAS HELP-LESS...



I SAW THAT, HARRIS! YOU'VE BEEN CHEAT... UGH!

YUH'LL GET IN TROUBLE ACCUSIN' PEOPLE LIKE THAT!



YOU NEEDED HIM INTO THAT, HARRIS!



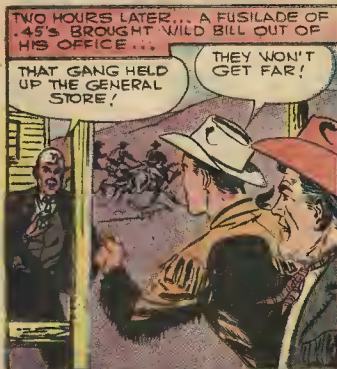
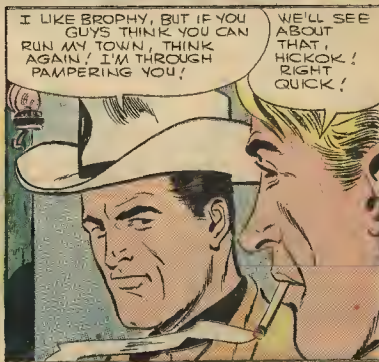
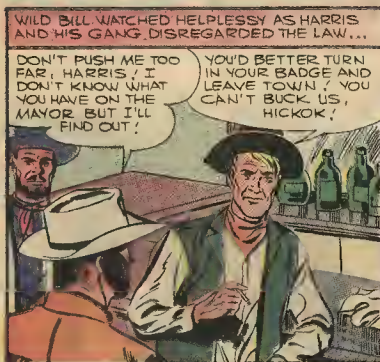
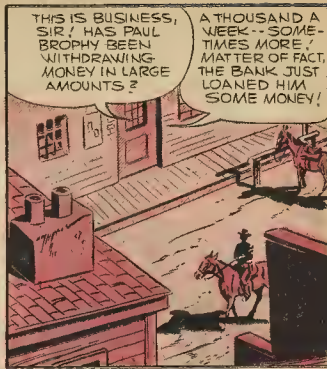
YOU GONNA LET HIM BAT ME AROUND YOUR HONOR! REMEMBER, I COULD MAKE A LOT OF TROUBLE!

ALL RIGHT, HARRIS! MARSHAL, I'LL HAVE YOUR BADGE IF YOU MOLEST T'HIS MAN OR HIS FRIENDS AGAIN!

COWBOY WESTERN



PAUL BROPHY HAD PROSPERED BUT SUDDENLY HE SEEMED TO BE ALWAYS SHORT OF CASH... AND HARRIS AND HIS GANG WERE IN THE CHIPS...



COWBOY WESTERN

WILD BILL FOLLOWED THE TRACKS -- AND DISCOVERED THEY TURNED BACK TO TOWN! LATER...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS-- DROP YOUR GUNS. I CAN PROVE THE JOB ON YOU BOYS THIS TIME!

BUT YOU WON'T, HICKOK! WE WERE WITH THE MAYOR WHEN IT HAPPENED!

DON'T BELIEVE HIM, BILL! THEY DID IT! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS NOW!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BROPHY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, HICKOK!

HARRIS KNEW I SHOT ELLIS! I DID IT IN SELF DEFENSE! THEY CALLED IT MURDER! I LEFT TULSA BEFORE I KNEW! THEN HARRIS ARRIVED AND SHOWED ME THAT WANTED CIRCULAR!

WANTED
PAUL BROPHY
FOR MURDER OF
SKEET ELLIS

I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THAT AND CHECKED, PAUL! YOU DIDN'T KILL ELLIS! AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE'S RIGHT HERE!

WHY, YOU SNEAKIN'...

YEOWWW!

HERE'S THE MAN YOU THOUGHT YOU KILLED! HARRIS KNEW YOU WERE DOING WELL HERE AND FRAMED YOU! YOUR 'VICTIM' GREW CHIN WHISKERS AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM!

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BILL! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

COWBOY WESTERN

Jingles

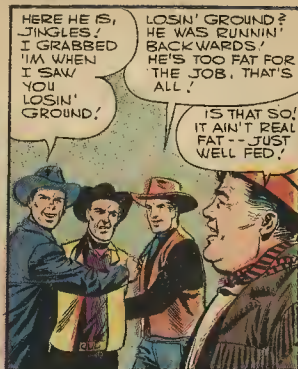
AND

Wild Bill Hickok

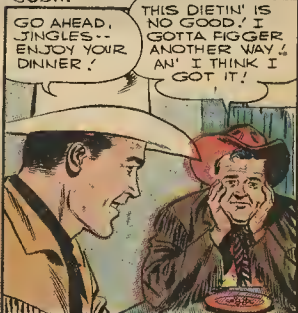
in

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE

EVERY CITY OFFICIAL IS SUBJECT TO CRITICISM -- BUT JINGLES FELT IT WAS A LOW BLOW WHEN THE CITIZENS BEGAN TALKING ABOUT HIS WAISTLINE! AND WHETHER OR NOT THE SLIGHT PAUNCH MIGHT INTERFERE WITH HIS DUTIES...



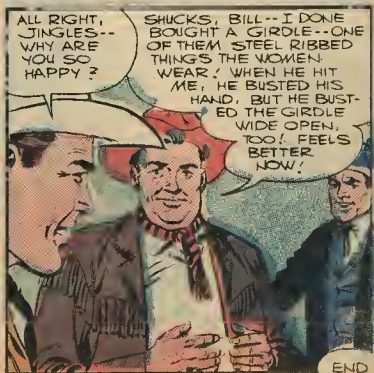
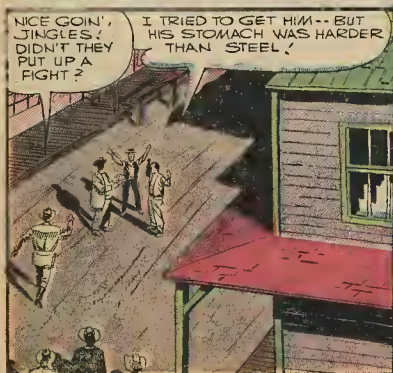
BUT JINGLES KNEW, IF THE TALK KEPT UP, HE'D BE OUT OF A JOB...



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...



COWBOY WESTERN

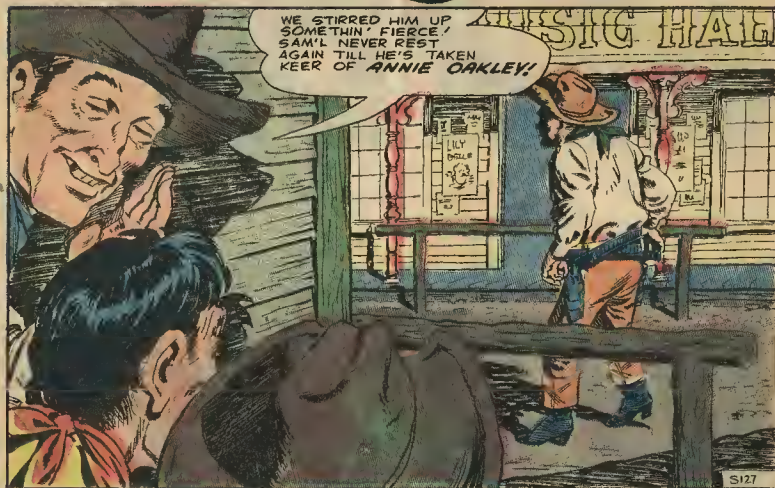


END

COWBOY WESTERN

The man
who
hated...

Annie Oakley



COWBOY WESTERN

...THAT THE GIRL
STANDING NEAR THE
TELLER'S WINDOW WAS...

(GULP)
ANNIE
OAKLEY!!

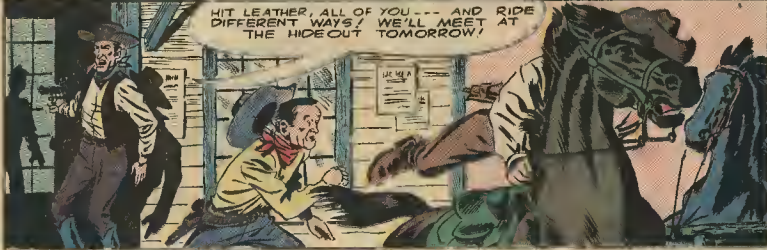
GOOD THING
I DROPPED BY
TO MAKE A
DEPOSIT JUST
NOW! I'LL
THANK YOU TO...



BREAK FOR THE DOOR,
MEN! I'LL THROW COVER-
ING FIRE FROM BACK
HERE!



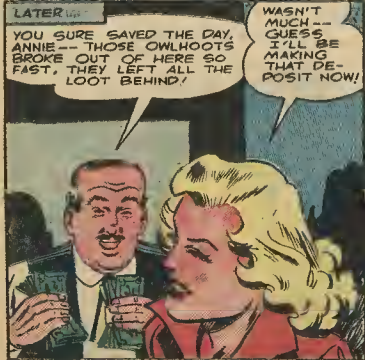
HIT LEATHER, ALL OF YOU --- AND RIDE
DIFFERENT WAYS! WE'LL MEET AT
THE HIDEOUT TOMORROW!



LATER...

YOU SURE SAVED THE DAY,
ANNIE --- THOSE OWLHOOTS
BROKE OUT OF HERE SO
FAST, THEY LEFT ALL THE
LOOT BEHIND!

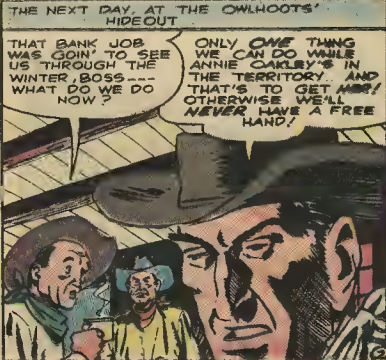
WASN'T
MUCH ---
GUESS
I'LL BE
MAKING
THAT DE-
POSIT NOW!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE OWLHOOTS' HIDEOUT

THAT BANK JOB
WAS GOIN' TO SEE
US THROUGH THE
WINTER, BOSS ---
WHAT DO WE DO
NOW?

ONLY *ONE* THING
WE CAN DO WHILE
ANNIE OAKLEY'S IN
THE TERRITORY. AND
THAT'S TO GET *HER*!
OTHERWISE WE'LL
NEVER HAVE A FREE
HAND!



COWBOY WESTERN

A WEEK LATER, AT UNION CITY.....

HERE SHE IS, FOLKS... **ANNIE OAKLEY** IN PERSON!! IF ANY MAN IN THE CROWD THINKS HE CAN OUT-SHOOT THE LITTLE LADY, LET HIM STEP UP HERE RIGHT NOW!! OR FOREVER HOLD HIS PEACE!



GO AHEAD, SAM-- YOU CAN SHOOT THE EYE OUT OF A MOSQUITO AT A HUNDRED PACES!

SURE, SAM-- YOU'RE THE MAN TO TAKE ANNIE ON!

SHUCKS...



WOULDN'T BE FAIR NO HOW--- AMN'T NEVER HEARD TELL OF A FEMALE THAT COULD SQUEEZE TRIGGER WITHOUT FLINCHIN'! ONLY THING FEMALES ARE GOOD FER IS FER-- YUM--YUM--YUM! BAKIN' APPLE CAKES!!



SAM SIMSON WAS HIS NAME... SAM WASN'T TOO SURE OF HIMSELF WHEN IT CAME TO DEEP THINKING... BUT THERE WERE TWO THINGS NOBODY IN UNION CITY COULD BEAT HIM AT... AND THOSE WERE **SHOOTING** AND **EATING APPLE CAKES**... AND NOW...



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP PUSHIN'! I'LL TAKE HER ON, BUT I'M TELLIN' YUH RIGHT OFF--- SHE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

SAM SHOT FIRST... **SIX SILVER DOLLARS** WERE THROWN UP INTO THE AIR... AND SAM NICKED **EVERY ONE** OF THEM....

WHEN!-- LET'S SEE **ANNIE OAKLEY** BEAT THAT!



HMMM-- THOSE SILVER DOLLARS MAKE MIGHTY BIG TARGETS... MIND IF I SLIP THESE BUTTONS OFF? I'LL USE THEM TO SHOOT AT!



COWBOY WESTERN

NOBODY BREATHED AS THOSE SMALL BUTTONS WENT SPINNING UP INTO THE AIR.



THEY WERE STILL HOLDING THEIR BREATH WHILE ANNIE WAS CALMLY SQUEEZING THE TRIGGER.



AND THEN.....

VIPPEE! WHAT SHOOTING! SHE DRILLED EVERY ONE OF THEM!

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT SAM CAN DO WITH THEM AS HIS TARGET!



POOR SAM WAS WHITE-FACED NOW. HIS BIG HANDS WERE SHAKING AS THE BUTTONS SPUN UP INTO THE AIR AGAIN....



AND WHEN THE ECHO OF HIS LAST SHOT HAD DIED AWAY.....

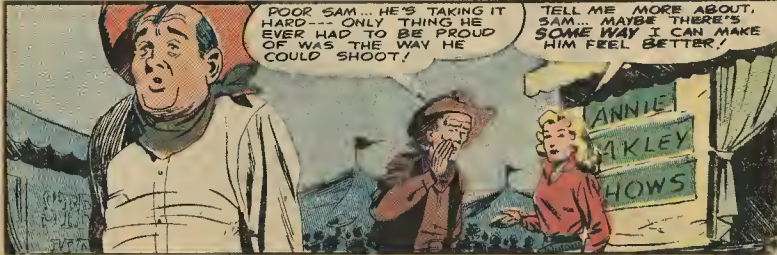
SAM ONLY NICKED TWO OF THEM!

HEE-HO-HAW!... LOOKS LIKE ANNIE'S ONE FEMALE WHO'S GOOD FOR MORE THAN JUST BAKING APPLE CAKES, SAM!

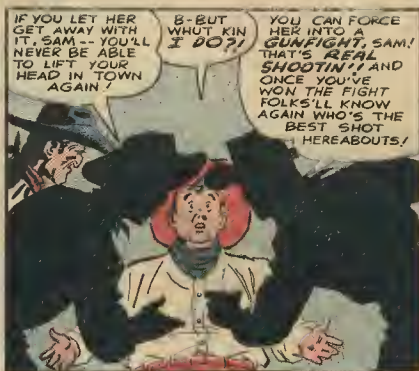


POOR SAM... HE'S TAKING IT HARD--- ONLY THING HE EVER HAD TO BE PROUD OF WAS THE WAY HE COULD SHOOT!

TELL ME MORE ABOUT, SAM... MAYBE THERE'S SOME WAY I CAN MAKE HIM FEEL BETTER!



COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN

BUT THE SECONDS KEPT DRAGGING BY. MORE AND MORE OF THEM.

STILL NO SHOT! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

LET'S FOLLOW SAM IN. COULD BE HE NEEDS MORE EGGING ON!



HOPE YOU'RE NOT LETTING HER SOFT-TALK ---- **SAM!** WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

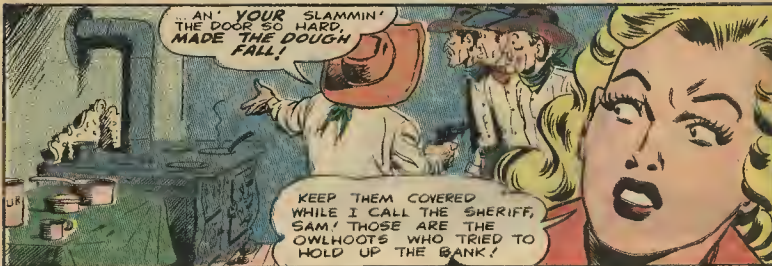


WHAT'RE YOU POINTING THAT GUN AT US FOR, SAM? WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!

NO, YUH'RE NOT! NO FRIENDS OF MINE WOULD'VE COME TROMPIN' IN JUST THEN AN' SLAMMED THE DOOR SO HARD! MISS ANNIE WAS TRYIN' TO MAKE UP FER OUT-SHOOTIN' ME BY BAKIN' A PASSES OF APPLE CAKES!



...AN' YOUR SLAMMIN' THE DOOR SO HARD, MADE THE DOUGH FALL!



KEEP THEM COVERED WHILE I CALL THE SHERIFF, SAM! THOSE ARE THE OWLHOOTS WHO TRIED TO HOLD UP THE BANK!

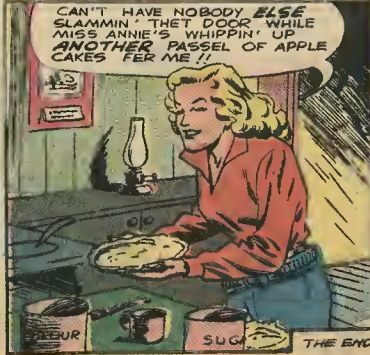
LATER...

UNION CITY'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID HERE TODAY, SAM!

SHUCKS IT WAS NOthin'! NOW IF YUH'LL EXCUSE ME, SHERIFF, I WANT TO STAND GUARD OVER THET THAR DOOR!



CAN'T HAVE NOBODY ELSE SLAMMIN' THET DOOR WHILE MISS ANNIE'S WHIPPIN' UP ANOTHER PASSES OF APPLE CAKES FER ME !!

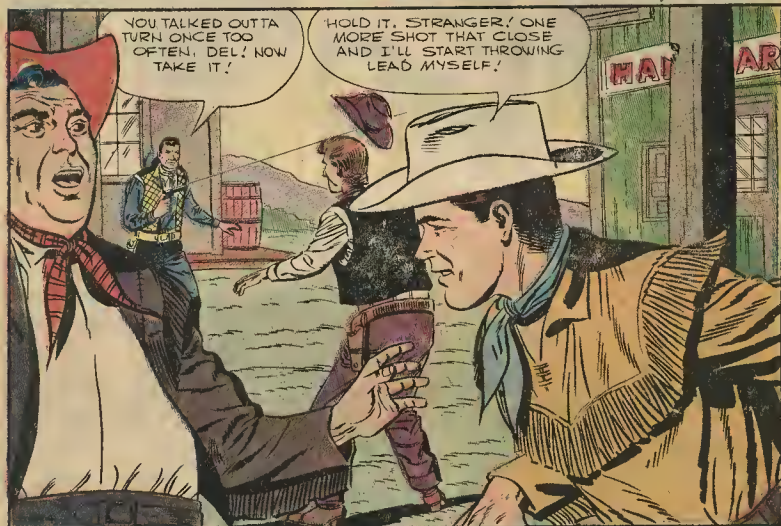


THE END

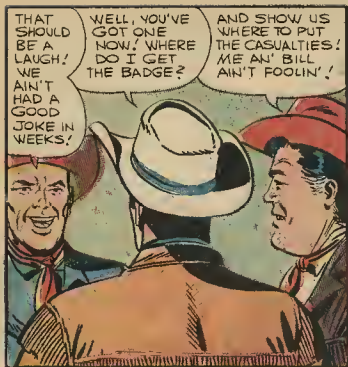
COWBOY WESTERN

Jingles ^{AND} Wild Bill Hickok in 'THE DARE'

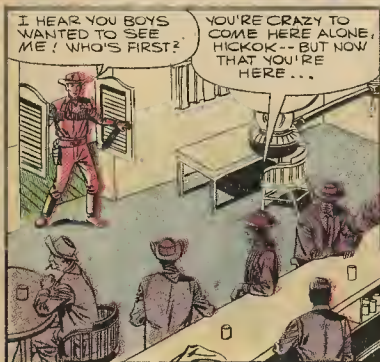
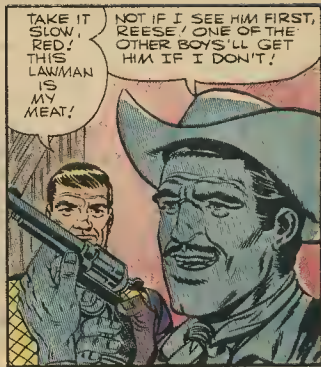
DEAD END WAS A PROSPEROUS COW-TOWN THAT SHOULD HAVE HAD A FUTURE, BUT WAS "RUN DRY" FROM THE RIFFRAFF WHO DRIFTED THERE FOR IMMUNITY FROM THE LAW! FOR WILD BILL HICKOK AND JINGLES IT WAS JUST A PLACE TO EAT AND REST... AT FIRST!



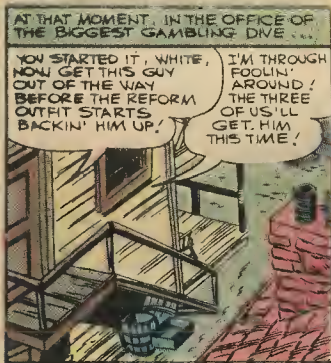
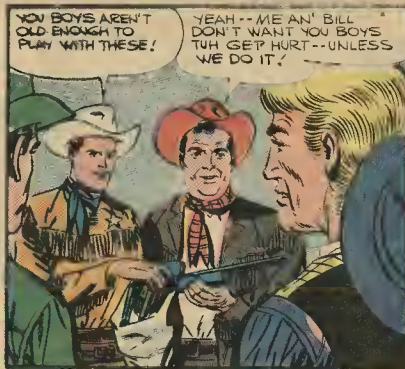
COWBOY WESTERN



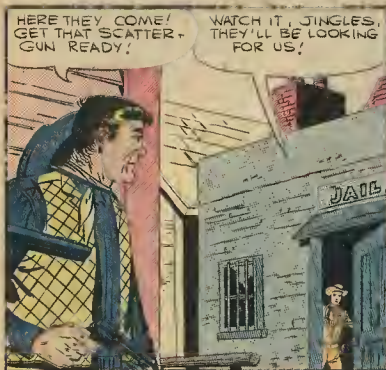
THE WORD SPREAD FAST... DEAD END HAD A NEW MARSHAL! EVERY HARDCASE IN TOWN BEGAN CHECKING HIS GUNS -- EAGER FOR THE FIRST CRACK AT HIM...



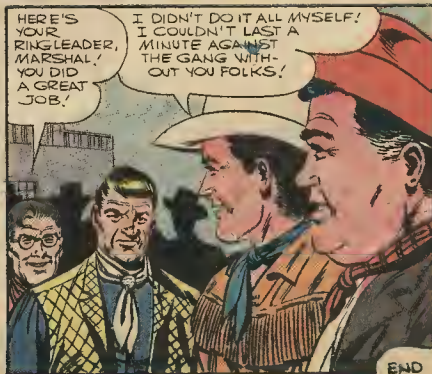
COWBOY WESTERN



COWBOY WESTERN



THE TOWN ERUPTED IN A ROAR OF GUNFIRE... THE HONEST CITIZENS WERE FINALLY GOADED INTO FIGHTING BACK AGAINST THE GUNSLINGING RIF-RAFF WHO HAD DOMINATED THEM SO LONG...



END

THEY MAILED THIS COUPON!

... and look what I did for them!



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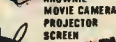
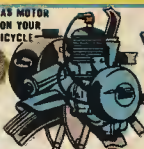
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